

pretty boy / pretty girl by gghoulish

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst, Billy Hargrove Redemption, Character Study, Drabble Collection, Genderqueer Character, M/M, Mutual Pining, One Shot Collection, Post-Season/Series 02, i'll explore his genderqueer identity in later drabbles, mind you any billy i write is intended to be gender/queer, these are mostly focused on billy and some of it is harringrove too

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

drabbles/oneshots primarily focused on billy hargrove, including some harringrove bits and other characters/dynamics.

1. i just sighed. i just sighed, just so you know (billy/ steve)

Author's Note:

this is a revised drabble i did a while ago, i really liked it. just a small little thing! probably would take place between s2 and s3.

[here's my billy hargrove playlist](#)

*“You’re always calling me pretty boy, but **you’re** the prettiest boy I’ve ever seen —”* Steve’s voice broke through his thoughts, and he heard a little laugh come from the brunet. *“ Hell, might just be the prettiest person I’ve seen. Girls don’t have shit on you, do they, Hargrove? ”* It was said almost wistfully, Steve’s gaze on anything but Billy as he leaned against his car.

“Risky to go sayin’ that kinda shit, Harrington,” it was an empty warning, filled with none of the usual *bite* that Billy had. Instead, it was filled with something warmer. Billy was prone to completely shutting down such affectionate compliments, but a part of him *liked* it when Steve said stuff like that.

Ok , maybe it wasn’t just a **part** of him that liked it. He fucking *craved* it. Couldn’t let Steve know that, though. His head was big enough with all the hair, without his ego being inflated, and they had a delicate and dangerous dance going on. He didn’t need to know how saying that kind of shit made Billy’s heart flutter and face feel warm.

*“You never really **complain** ,”* Steve’s courage seemed to return as he cocked his head towards Billy, an eyebrow raised. He seemed to be challenging him, and to his credit, it was a challenge even Billy didn’t

want to take up— not when Steve was throwing curve-balls at him. Steve wasn't stupid, in fact, he bordered on witty when he was lucky. A lot of people didn't care to acknowledge that about him, but Billy had come to see sides of Steve that many people had forgotten about. He didn't like to dwell on that, though, because he didn't need to be swept off his feet by some doe eyed boy.

Casual as ever, Billy said, "my mama raised me to be polite, thank you very much. Appreciate what god gives you, and all that," Billy rolled his eyes as he spoke, doing his best to divert the attention from the situation at hand. He simply crossed his arms and looked away, trying not to let Steve's words stick in his head for too long. Steve didn't seem very convinced by his act--- but then again, he never did. It didn't help that Billy's combative nature had dropped, allowed him to be the person he didn't let most people see. However, Steve isn't prone to arguing, and he simply shakes his head, a strange little smile on his lips.

"Whatever you say, Hargrove."

2. peace of mind (billy and will)

Summary for the Chapter:

billy interrupts some bullies and gives will a ride home.

He had to pick Max up, what else was new. She was late as always and he let the Camaro idle as he sighed, taking a drag of his cigarette. It felt strange to be parked at the highschool, but Max was getting older. All the kids were. Another blink and they'd be graduating, off to do better shit than he was--- not that that was **hard**.

As his mind wandered, he let his gaze sweep over the schoolyard, taking in the details. Not much had changed. It was a boring sight, for the most part, every part as mundane as it used to be. But from the corner of his eye, he spotted a group of kids— one of them looked familiar, and he was getting pushed around.

Billy tensed as he watched the exchange and noticed who it was— *the Byers kid* . The one that was hopelessly awkward and incapable of finding a girlfriend. Billy had overheard more than one phone call to the kid, where Max was trying to set him up with someone or comfort him for a failed date.

No one really seemed to notice that the kid was *gay* . Unless they happened to be an asshole, somebody with a vendetta. Billy didn't need to be within earshot of the group to know what kind of shit was being thrown around. **Faggot** was the favorite word of any Hawkins teenager with a desire for causing trouble. The kid could pass among his friends, who gave him the benefit of the doubt, but strangers were not so kind.

Something about it made him feel bad. Like he had to do something. Truth be told, Max wasn't a girl who needed much defending— a guy could talk shit to her and she wouldn't hesitate to slam her skateboard into their shins. That made Billy proud. But seeing a kid— scrawnier than all the others and pathetic to boot— be pushed around, made him feel— *protective* . Will may be a little bitch, but Billy wasn't going to let him get beat up. *Not like he'd been beaten up when he was a kid*. He'd already died once, or whatever. Didn't need to die again just because Max wasn't around to slam her skateboard into the shins of whoever fucked with him.

He was out of the car before he thought much on it. There was no Max around to protect Will (*and every other friend of the poor kid seemed to be absorbed in their own shit*), so it looked like it fell on Billy's shoulders. *Okay, maybe it didn't, but he wasn't going to stand for this bullshit* .

“Hey, shitheads. Leave the damn kid alone,” he was taller than the lot of them— they looked at him at first with harsh expressions, but then they realized they were at a loss. He caught one of them by his shirt, the one he'd seen pushing Will hard enough for him to tumble to the ground. None of them were really kids anymore, but to Billy, they may as well be ants.

“You try that shit again and you'll need a new fucking face, you got that?” He said it quietly, only loud enough that those within a few feet could hear what he said. Quiet as he was, his voice still conveyed that he was *very* serious. He seemed to pick the right one of them to harass, because the others took his lead when Billy dropped him and he went running. What surprised Billy was what he heard coming from *Will* not even a few seconds later.

“*I'm not a little kid!* ” It was a terribly moot conversation--- Will

wasn't going to win the argument, and Billy didn't give a shit. The kid weighed about as much as a sack of soil, so it wouldn't take much effort for Billy to get him to go where he wanted him to.

"You were the size of a fuckin' *flea* last year, *kid* ," he said it pointedly, rolling his eyes. "A growth spurt doesn't mean you can fight. Be grateful I even give a shit about you. Come on. You can have a ride with me and Max," the switch flipped and he was no longer mad, just leaning down to offer Will a hand. He seemed skeptical of the offer, but eventually took Billy's hand and accepted the help.

"A— alright. Th-thanks. I... I was gonna take the bus home, but..." He trailed off, frowning. It was only a few seconds later that Billy spotted Max, who may as well be a red-haired *beacon* , coming towards them.

"Will?! Are you okay? Did Billy do something?" As much as they had been getting along lately, she still gave him a scathing look. Billy knew she wouldn't hesitate to lash out at him, and honestly, if he was as low as to hurt Will of all people, he'd willingly let her fuck him up. But that wasn't the case.

"No ! I'm fine, Max. It was a misunderstanding.... Billy— uh. He helped me out. He's gonna drive me home," he obviously didn't want to admit to the bullying he'd undergone, even if it was hard to ignore. But the fact that he stood up for Billy was nice, especially since Max had her skateboard in hand and was *not* shy with flinging that fucking thing around. Billy tried to make the breath he let out seem casual, instead of a clue towards him having been tense to begin with.

“Mmhhh ,” Max obviously was a little on edge, looping an arm through Will’s as she lead him to the Camaro. “C’mon, Will. I’ve got a cassette of Billy Idol. We win the vote since there’s more of *us* than **him** .” Well, Billy wouldn’t complain. At least the skateboard hadn’t hit him today. *Yet* .

3. icebreaker (billy/steve)

Summary for the Chapter:

we were robbed of steve and billy arguing in s3, and i am out here to resolve that as many times as i must.

It seemed that doing a job where he primarily catered to kids, had finally gotten to him. He knew there *had* to be cooler Summer jobs---even *Tommy* had something less lame, and at least girls *wanted* to talk to him. Reluctant as he was to admit it, Tommy even looked *good*---maybe even **great** in the clothes he got to wear on shift. Instead of anything like that, Steve had to wear the stupid Scoops outfit---which wouldn't be *half* as bad if they'd just let him take the hat off!

And then there's *Billy*. He comes in, barely any clothes on, gets girls swooning all over him--- *and then he taunts him!* It drives Steve nuts. He wished he could wipe the smug look off his face. But he settles for angrily muttering.

“**Oooh** , I’m Billy Hargrove, I don’t know how to keep a shirt on and I lure children into the woods so I can cook them in my house made of candy,” with or without context, Steve looked like a complete idiot as he angrily threw together the stupidly intricate order that one of the kids had given him. As was often the case, he was devoid of an attention span, and he wasn't the most perceptive.

“Hey, Steve, remember when we said Billy was coming to pick Max up?” After hearing what Dustin said, he looked up just as he added the last topping and spotted a very pissed off Billy, his arms crossed, standing next to Max, who, in contrast, was snickering.

“Oh. *Shit* ,” well, he hadn't meant to add fuel to the fire, but

apparently he just had. Robin was barely holding herself together and it only got worse when Billy picked the cup of ice cream up and promptly dumped it on Steve's head. Robin hadn't even caught her breath from her laughing fit by the time Billy had left.

"Damn, you're even worse with guys than you are with girls, Harrington. Impressed that you even remembered Hansel and Gretel, though." The praise kinda fell flat, given the fact that he was now soaked with caramel, chocolate, and strawberry syrup, though.

He wasn't about to escape the repercussions of his joke so easily, apparently. As if a vehicle for karma, Billy was just arriving for his shift when he saw a familiar face getting ready to settle down by the pool, his shitload of kids in tow. Naturally, he looked Steve Harrington dead in the eyes as he said, "if you start to drown, I'm letting you," and though Steve had had *no* plans of swimming, Billy managed to somehow *covertly trip him* and cause him to stumble into the pool.

Steve, with ruined hair and eventual sunburn, only found it in himself to glare at Billy for the remainder of their day at the pool.